

MRS. DANIELS CALLS WOUNDED HER BOYS

Naval Secretary's Wife Takes Flowers and Cheer to Brooklyn Hospital.

HIGH PRAISE FROM MEN

Sailors, and Marines, All

Heroes, Gladdened by Unexpected Visit.

There is a young marine in the Naval Hospital in Brooklyn who fought at Chateau-Thierry and was so badly done up that he is just now able to stand at attention and blush delightedly when a woman speaks to him. The particular woman yesterday happened to be Mrs. Joseph Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, who looks on marines and sailors as her own particular brood and wants to mother them accordingly.

And this young marine is worth mothering. There was about six feet of him, all whelp and muscle when he tackled a machine gun. But one gathered that facing that gun was not a bit harder than trying to swallow his happiness and embarrassment in facing his boss's wife. She shook hands with him and told him she was proud of him, and then left him with a whopping red rose that matched the color of his cheeks.

"She's a corker, that wife of his," he whispered to his mate, similarly decorated with a flower. "My, ain't she a nice woman!"

Sees Flowers and a Message.

So, if Mrs. Daniels is curious about it, that is what the men thought of her after she had passed through ward after ward, leaving kindly words and flowers and a New Year's card for each mother's son of them. She had been whisked over from Manhattan to bring greetings from Mr. Daniels, and she allowed that she was about as pleased as she could have ever performed. And there were times when her eyes were a bit wet when she looked at some pallid young fellow on a cot as if she would like to gather him up in her arms and tell him how proud his country is of him.

She tried to tell them all in a little speech. The reporter didn't hear it, but he asked a sailor what it was like.

"Oh, great," he said. "Isn't she nice? She said Mr. Daniels couldn't get over and that he asked her to come and bring his love and good wishes to them, and to tell them that he and she both loved them as much as they did their own boys. It was fine. Did they like it? Oh, say, man!"

Mother and Sisters With Her.

There may be hospitals that are cheerless places, but the Naval Hospital is not one of them. Christmas trees still gleamed in the rooms and wards when Mrs. Daniels arrived, and there were more smiling than unhappy faces, even strong men with their teeth clenched as they served up their beds. Mrs. Daniels, who was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Adelaide Worth Bagley, whose name has been borne by men that have lived up worthily to naval traditions, Mrs. Daniel's mother, pleasant-faced old lady who walked with a little black cane, beamed about her as if she were wanted to go. And so did Mrs. Bagley and Miss Ethel Bagley.

Mrs. Daniels' daughter through the hospital were Capt. George A. Lung and his old, Lieut. S. B. Burke. With them were Commander H. C. Shiffert, Lieut. W. P. Frost, junior aid to Rear Admiral Nathaniel R. Usher, and many of the other medical officers of the hospital.

There were nearly 1,000 men there, as the place has grown tremendously since the war started.

Mrs. Daniels went first, her arms filled with flowers in two big bouquets, to the end of a room where two men whose pale faces and tired eyes showed the seriousness of their wounds. They were G. Thompson and H. C. Shiffert, Lieut. and Herbert W. Queripel of New Bedford, who has a smashed leg. Mrs. Daniels sat and talked with them for several minutes, and then she turned to the next bed, where a young fellow looked so low that no one could catch it. In the next bed was a man who stood stiffly at attention, and Mrs. Daniels, who was broken in the fight at Chateau-Thierry.

Nation Proud of Them.

"I want to tell you how much we think of you and what you have done," Mrs. Daniels said as she held his hand. "We are proud of you, every one of us." They were proud of her, too, and she knew it. For many of the patients had a leg or an arm missing. The ribbons of decorations blazed brightly on their uniforms, and the immovable faces of the American fighters glowed in their faces. Whatever may be the future of these maimed men, one could see they were facing it as gamely as the fact of the Germans, and the immovable faces of the American fighters glowed in their faces. Whatever may be the future of these maimed men, one could see they were facing it as gamely as the fact of the Germans, and the immovable faces of the American fighters glowed in their faces.

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Mrs. Daniels visited the main building of the big hospital, where the more seriously wounded were lying, then she went to the long corridors stopping at some doors and passing others that were significantly closed. Mrs. Daniels went into rooms alone, and she was talking to others, and when they came out their faces were sad and tears were in their eyes.

Paralyzed but Smiling.

With one man named Yerkes, who is paralyzed from the waist down, Mrs. Daniels talked for some time. He could be seen smiling and chatting with her, and when she gripped his hand to go he thanked her and looked as if he had not a care in the world.

"Oh, they are wonderful," Mrs. Daniels said.

In the officer's rooms Mrs. Daniels found Capt. James Madison of the Tennessee submarine, and a big, Capt. Madison has a shattered leg. His room was decorated and Mrs. Daniels held the picture of a little girl.

"Yes," laughing, Mrs. Daniels said, "my little shoe destroyer. Captain, 'that's 176 pounds.' Mrs. Daniels laughed back.

"Well, mine is six feet tall and weighs 176 pounds," Mrs. Daniels said.

When the commissariat's office was broken by the explosion of a depth bomb. He gave Mrs. Daniels two little blue charms. Little worried little about two inches high, called Nite and Rintintin, which nearly every Pennsylvanian carries into battle. He told her the story of them.

Story of the Charms.

French soldiers early in the war entered a village that had been leveled by fire. They found it empty, and they were living thing in the place, but to be a little boy and girl, frightened and alone, who had been hiding in a cellar and attached themselves to the feet of the regiment. The girl's name was Ninette and they called the boy

DAIRYMEN MUFFE SUES TO STOP CHILDREN'S NOISE

Asbury Park Officials and Parents Stirred to Wrath When Pastor's Anger Impels Court Action to Let Him Prepare Sermons.

DAIRYMEN'S LAWYER FORGETS LOBBYING

Miller Lost Interest in Bill When It Was Presented.

John D. Miller, vice-president and counsel for the Dairymen's League, could not remember a lot of things in connection with the passage by the Legislature of the amendment he drafted to the Donnelly anti-trust act, which exempts farmers, dairymen and other agriculturists from the operation of the act, when he was examined by John F. Doherty, Assistant District Attorney, during the John Doe milk inquiry yesterday.

Mr. Doherty sought to learn what part Mr. Miller had taken in lobbying for the bill, but Mr. Miller said he had "no very clear or positive recollection" of what happened, and that his professional interest in the bill ceased upon its presentation.

Mr. Miller said the amendment's object was to benefit milk producers and consumers by eliminating speculators and gamblers. He admitted the purpose of the amendment had failed, as it had not increased production or lowered prices, but said he hoped it would have that effect in the future.

Magistrate McAdoo adjourned the hearing until this morning.

ARMED TRIO CAUGHT BY ONE POLICEMAN

Believed to Have Planned Big Heist.

Patrolman Robert Rohrs of Traffic A was at Broadway and Spring street at 6 o'clock last night when a tenant of the Prescott building at 529 Broadway surprised and saw a man acting suspiciously and saw a man acting suspiciously and saw a man acting suspiciously.

He entered the building a young man who afterward said he was Louis Klein, 219 Second street, Brooklyn, came dashing out of the doorway and Rohrs seized him.

Klein, after hesitating, said he had been looking for a wallet he had lost, and he asked a sailor what it was like.

"Oh, great," he said. "Isn't she nice? She said Mr. Daniels couldn't get over and that he asked her to come and bring his love and good wishes to them, and to tell them that he and she both loved them as much as they did their own boys. It was fine. Did they like it? Oh, say, man!"

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